Harold Weisberg
Route 7
Frederick, Maryland

Dear Harold, April 21, 1968

I apologize for the appearance of total irresponsibility, however I hope you will allow me time to read my explanation.

I am furious to hear of the story which you encountered because it makes me sick and disappointed to think that people on our staff have not the integrity to keep from distorted gossip.

Anyone who can prove, in part or whole, that I ever showed my credentials to anyone in the playboy Club, New Orleans (or anywhere else for that matter) for any reason will have the pleasure of my resignation! I know how this story was started and have no intention of discrediting the fine work which has been done by this person whom I had thought of as my friend but cannot now really consider as anything but a business associate, who for reasons I am not sure, has chosen to tell of personal incidents which he has distorted to place himself in the favor of the office.

During my second or third trip to N.O. I went to the Playboy club twice. Once, alone for a drink and the next night for dinner with Jerry Sanders. The first night, several hours after leaving the Playboy Club, I returned to that corner (near

Bourbon St. where I observed a policeman arguing with a drunk. The drunk persisted in harassing the very old and heavy set policeman (who, I assume, is usually stationed on that corner as part of his "beat.") To the point of total anger the policeman cautioned the drunk to go home and stop bothering him. Finally, the policeman raised his fist, in a threatening gesture, and the drunk grabbed him as if to wrestle. Seeing this, I moved closer with some other observers who'd gathered and, in a ~~[illegible]~~ manner not uncontrolled, attempted to help the old policeman to restrain the drunk. It could be argued that I should have minded my own business but I'm not that kind of person so of not fearing involvement I am guilty. Just about the time this time to other young policeman armed in a squad car and began to roughly push the observers aside. Coming to me, and understandably not knowing whether I was an aggressor in league with the drunk or just a concerned bystander, the two policeman grabbed me bodily, pulling me away from the hustle and threw me up against the wall. I was a bit outraged to see how people are handled but this is a mild taste, as you of course know. The older of the two officers asked me what I was doing and the other, simultaneously told me to "move on out of here, fella." I began to answer the first question which irritated the second officer and he asked for my identification. Having had my "credentials

only a few days and being very proud to have such an honor, and admittedly being glad that I had this type of identification rather than a simple driver's license, I produced my ~~ident~~ "credentials" to the officer. I was genuinely glad to be able to show the officers that they had pushed against the wall a member of the law enforcement "team", however insignificant. ~~This is the so~~

This is the story of how I produced my D.A. Staff credentials to a "playboy Bunny". I insist that I had a picture of those policemen to send along with this letter captioned "playboy Bunnies."

If I were, indeed, guilty of doing what this abominable rumor suggests I should be fried, fried and even charged with false representation of a D.A. official. And I am truly angered that, believing this absolute lie, whoever on the staff told you this did not suggest that I be FIRED. I would.

As for the memo I had promised to send you — I did. You told me I could send it to the office in New Orleans. I sent one there marked ATTENTION HAROLD WEISBERG as you can see (see enclosure) and assumed you would be given a copy, or if you had left the office, I assumed someone would send you one. I assumed too much.

An addition (confession) to the "playboy Bunny" story is that the next night at dinner at the club with Gary Sanders, in order to aid our romantic interest in a particular bunny, who was (as Gary and I agreed – to be GARY'S date because I was leaving town) I told her that I knew Hugh Hefner and would do what I could to see if it were possible for her to be transferred to the England Club. She'd told us the story (lie) that her Swedish mother was sick and she was distraught and wanted to get transfered to London so she could visit her mother. "Soft touch" I opened my traps. That's it.

Enclosed please find all the memos I think you are interested in and forgive me for not writing sooner. The first I heard of your disappointment in me was this past week from Fred and I received your letter today.

Your Friend and fellow
pioneer for truth.

Stephen

18062 Bluesail Dr.
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

P.S. Please let me hear from you again soon.
Good luck.